

New York (City), Kraushaar art galleries

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1922

An Important Collection
of
Paintings and Bronzes
by
Modern Masters
of

American and European Art

on view at the

C. W. Kraushaar Art Galleries
680 Fifth Avenue, New York

December 4th to 30th, 1922

Paintings by

WHISTLER	LUKS	DAUMIER
TACK	COURBET	BEAL
DELACROIX	RYDER	ROUSSEAU
MYERS	ZULOAGA	PRENDERGAST
PUVIS DE CHAVANNES	HALPERT	SISLEY
FANTIN-LATOIR	SLOAN	LEGROS
DU BOIS	FORAIN	TOULOUSE-LAUTREC

Bronzes by

MAHONRI YOUNG and GASTON LACHAISE

FRICK ART REFERENCE

LIBRARY

NEW YORK



LES BORDS DE LA RIVIÈRE, BY J. B. C. COROT
(*Robaut, Vol. IV, Page 404*)

INTRODUCTION

By GUY PÈNE DU BOIS

In this exhibition Mr. Kraushaar has done an uncommon, fine thing. He has defied that efficiency devil, the classifier. He has brought into this collection the pictures of good painters without respect to the uniforms of the regiments in which, for the sake of economy, these organizers of artists have placed them. He has done a very fine thing in art in neglecting the rule for its exception. Indeed, if this exhibition was without anything else in its favor, it would remain of tremendous importance as a piece of destructive criticism. The exceptions to the rule in governments are criminals, and perhaps justly punished as such. The exceptions to the rule in art are artists, and of an estimable value to the world. In art, ultimately, they are the only facts worth bothering about.

The classifiers write of artists who belong to this regiment or that one, to a period and a nation, to a school or a movement. These are the things that die with the passage of time. With their death, to those who follow the history of movements rather than the work of men, the good is buried with the bad, the artist

with the sheep who followed him; the individual is crowded into the coffin of the fashionables.

It does not matter to Mr. Kraushaar that one foot of the tonal school is now in the grave. He shows a picture by Whistler, one by Luks and one by Ryder. It is of no importance to him that the air of our time is now filled with doubts of the real efficacy of the theory of impressionism. Sisley is represented by a canvas that convincingly bursts the buttons of that uniform. The Barbizon men as a body are buried by those who follow the classifiers. There is unquestionable justice in judging that at least one of them is buried alive. This collection has been made, apparently, under the motivating power of a single prejudice. This prejudice favors that which is known as sincere painting. It is a painting which contains few, if any, idle flourishes, like the exaggerated wave of an arm or the purely stylistic lift of an inflection. Indeed, these painters, for the most part, go directly to the thing they have to say, which means, I suppose, that their truths are not complicated or confused by those asides which come from men or cowards who feel that their convictions might inspire ridicule and therefore need defense.

PAINTINGS

JAMES A. McNEILL WHISTLER

Of all these painters, Whistler is the only one in whom elegance is a primary quality. It is present in his friend Fantin, suggested in the grace of Puvis's color, but with him it is almost an envelope. He brought it to bear upon everything that he saw. This Brittany coast, a thing in which Courbet would have stressed every suggestion of the force of nature, becomes, in the American's hands, a gracious scene, the ocean of a week-end holiday and of a fastidious nature. There are subjects of his which are more characteristic, but few in which the characteristic treatment, the grace and charm, are more palpably evident.



THE COAST OF BRITTANY, BY JAMES A. McNEILL WHISTLER

GEORGE B. LUKS

A great many contemporary painters and almost all contemporary architects are trembling before the possible wrath of a frightful bugaboo which they call good taste. The result is that they produce nothing in which there is a chance of offending the bugaboo or of arousing his wrath. It is a triumph of fear. With Luks, either fear or good taste is non-existent. He takes a huge brush, a palette loaded with hot color, and puts down on canvas the things that have appealed to him as a personage, without respect to the qualms of one class or to the ascetic or maladive digestions of another. His work has a fine masculine disregard of the incidental and the trivial. The man is in the essentially human warmth and fullness of his color, which makes a fine contrast to the barren chastities of to-day's Puritan renaissance.



WOMAN WITH MACAWS, BY GEORGE LUKS

HONORÉ DAUMIER

A mighty figure, Daumier sits in a tremendous chair, which creaks a little, despite its ponderousness, when he moves. He will himself twitch suddenly, when occasion drives (he is Gallic enough for that), while still retaining the composure of a god. The world around him is fat too, a bourgeois world, so full of solid material that there is an incomprehensibility, a certain irritation, about the squeakiness of its noises and the triviality of its errors. This god in his gigantic chair is common sense—common sense cleared of many cobwebs, seeing straight. Few artists have been more truly the voice of the solid majority.



LE MEUNIER, SON FILS ET SON ÂNE,
BY HONORÉ DAUMIER

AUGUSTUS VINCENT TACK

Tack is known for the charm of his color and the consistency with which his personal strain runs through the many stages of his continuous experimentation. He seeks far beyond or under superficial evidence for a rhythm of line and color and form which will express more than a mere periodic temper. He may be the only sincere religious painter left in the world. It is quite possible, however, that this is beside the point or misleading. He strives to express that inner consciousness residing in every man, which will at times force him into a denial of the literal fact, and force from men the label: mystic.



THE ENTOMBMENT, BY AUGUSTUS VINCENT TACK

GUSTAVE COURBET

Sometime when the cataloguers go back over their work, Courbet will be sat astride a fence on one side of which will be romanticism and on the other realism. His so much vaunted realism is very certainly enriched, as we are able to see to-day, by the epochal romanticism of which he was, despite himself, and rather fortunately, the prey. This is a realist, giant though he was in that field during his time, whose heart melted easily, who could become sentimental at the expense of a literal verity, and eloquent for the sake of the flowers in language. To his realism is added the warmth of an especially lovable nature.

Buis



LA VENDANGE À ORNANS, SOUS LE ROCHE DU MONT,
BY GUSTAVE COURBET

GIFFORD BEAL

The things which go primarily toward the making of this art create contrasts that will seem, casually, to be illogical. Against a certain humble naïveté, there is a certain wilful formality; a romantic imaginative quality is kept in check by a loyalty to the facts in nature. It is an art in which one feels the existence of doubt almost simultaneously with the realization that it has been conquered. Beal is truly both humble and arrogant. He sits before nature with the docility of a disciple; before his canvas he becomes a conquering craftsman. No other painter in this collection is more truly American, and none, perhaps, has more convincingly retained the adventuring spirit of youth.



AFTERGLOW, BY GIFFORD BEAL

EUGÈNE DELACROIX

Romanticists are men who magnify facts or enrich the records they make of life with the fullness of a fire within themselves. With little variation, they are colorists. Titian was one, and Rubens and Renoir. Rubens, Renoir and Delacroix may be the greatest colorists of all time. Delacroix is the father of the romanticists of the present day. He was the contemporary of Ingres, the classicist whose work he hated, and of Courbet, who sought the reproduction of facts in their baldness. Delacroix enriched his document from sources of literature and music as well as of life. He employed subjects that would give full play to the immense variety of his emotional reactions. Like Rubens, his line was rich and fluid and the movement of his color continuous. Like Renoir, his people belong to a world which he had made his own.



✓ ACHIETA, BY IGNACIO ZULOAGA

MAURICE PRENDERGAST

Maurice Prendergast is not one of those American moderns born over the night of the opening of the Armory Show. He is rather one of those seers who, though in the vanguard of a new movement, never become a part of it. Prophets who do not preach these. His work remains admired and isolated. He is without followers and apparently, though it is impossible, without antecedents. The human figure in his compositions count only as units of design and yet decisively contribute to the gaiety with which everything he touches is infused. He is the true painter of the holiday spirit, of the essence of it, for it is brought into his pictures through colors and forms alone. He is that rare genius, a palpable abstractionist.



LE CRÉPUSCULE, BY MAURICE PRENDERGAST

↘ PUVIS DE CHAVANNES

It is a question whether the continuous application of the word archaic to the work of Puvis is not confusing. He is the first of the modern mural painters to fully grasp the architectural requirements of a painting which was to be permanently installed in a building. The structural lines of his paintings borrow something from the structural lines of the buildings by which they were to be framed. He met his problem squarely. The men around him painted easel pictures, like those of the Pantheon in Paris, in which the only problem considered seems to have been the filling of an allotted space. The small sketches which he made for the big cartoons have the fine quality of the latter and a charm and informality of a quite different nature. His instinct for scale runs true in these as in the big things.



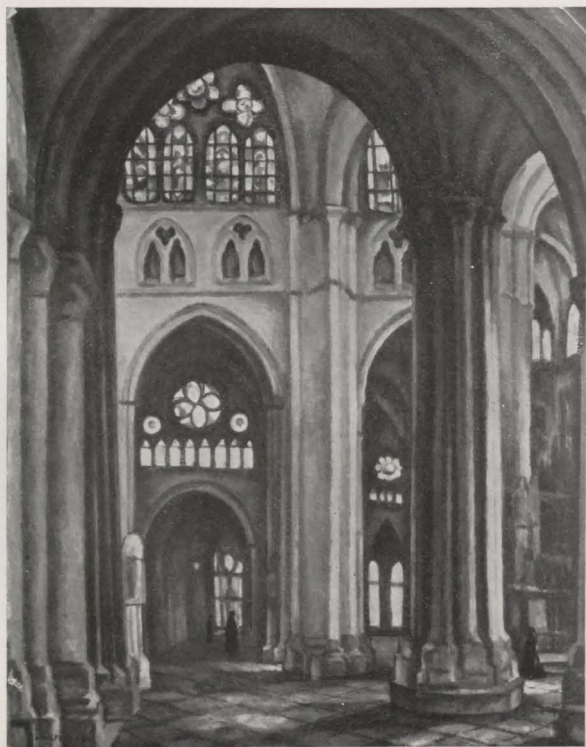
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RÉCOLTE DE POMMES, BY PUVIS DE CHAVANNES



SAMUEL HALPERT

In the matter of language, Halpert is the most modern of the men represented here. This might mean that he is the most interested in art as art. His intentional search for them, for art form, is marked. He will convert all visual evidence in terms which he compounded from researches in art rather than in life. Life creeps in despite the stylist rather than because of him. He is conceptional rather than perceptual. He is the most consciously æsthetic of this group. In the pervading peace of his pictures there is a spiritual kinship with the classics. His forms, however, have something of the squatness and the humanity of the Gothic.



TOLEDO CATHEDRAL, BY SAMUEL HALPERT

ALFRED SISLEY

Sisley is probably the most romantic of the Impressionists, and the most boyish. In Monet are moments almost classic in purity; Pissarro could drive after matter with a warmth of color or spirit which belied the atmospheric preoccupation of his school. Perhaps Sisley came between them. No landscape painter of his importance has so consistently dwelt upon the gentler qualities of the countryside, none been less intrigued by nature's theatric moods. He sought neither force nor glamour. He was satisfied to sit painting a commonplace little hamlet on a day of ordinary sunshine. His love of the thing was enough to lend it a lyric touch, to lift it above its droning monotony or to give an added sparkle to its quiet gaiety.



OTHELLO ET DESDEMONA (SALON DE 1849),
BY EUGÈNE DELACROIX

ALBERT P. RYDER

In Ryder is an expressive force that could not be deterred or hidden by want of craftsmanship. In the accepted sense he could neither draw nor paint. It may be for this reason that we feel an especially human or an especially individual quality in everything that he touched. He could not readily adapt himself to the manners of other painters. He was something of a hermit in life as in art. He remained a mystic and a romantic in the middle of the bustle of the city. Further than this, he could impregnate a fact with so much of the life given by its significance that one must place him with the greatest realists.



THE PASTURE, BY ALBERT P. RYDER

THÉODORE ROUSSEAU

The art of Rousseau is very near to being as gnarled and rugged as the oak trees he liked to paint. The man chose his subjects with an eye to their symbolic value. He made portraits of trees in the manner of those picturesque painters of his time who gave something of the story of the general in the hint of a battle behind him. He was of the picturesque painters; this is to say that he reproduced the psychological impression left upon his mind rather than the literal fact presented to his eye, that he arranged the drama of nature as on a stage and in a manner that would make it obvious even to the unseeing.



LA HUTTE DES CHARBONNIERS, BY THÉODORE ROUSSEAU

JEROME MYERS

The evolution of the art of Myers seems to point toward a romanticism which did not originally exist. But in his most realistic moments, in those early things of the East Side, which were dubbed socialistic or too sordidly real by thoughtless people, he had already begun to play with sentiment; he was already seeing the red glow in the sky, and factories that an atmosphere made to look like castles. There is more consciousness, perhaps, in the things of the present, a greater generalization of local data, but no less realism and no more romance. He has not changed, he has merely become aware of himself or reached his full size.



WOODLAND FESTIVAL, BY JEROME MYERS

IGNACIO ZULOAGA

Though essentially a Spanish painter, Zuloaga's long if intermittent residence in Paris gives some justice to his being included in this group. Indeed, his first general introduction to the world at large was made in an exhibition there. He is at once one of the most provincial and one of the most competent of modern painters. So closely is he linked to his country and its traditions that, in this day of international exchanges, he appears almost mythical. It is only out of Spain that such a figure could come, only, one would think, out of old Spain which continues to hold to its old customs, its old glories and its old cruelties. He has held to all of these himself, and if France has added that decorative quality which lends a new turn to his work he has made that also Spanish.



MORET: SUNSET, BY ALFRED SISLEY

FANTIN-LATOUR

The portraits of Fantin must be astonishing to those who know his taste through the lithographs, the subject or the flower canvases. It is amazing that a man could be at once so precise and so vague, so rigid and exacting, so loose and free. He was never of those portrait painters who despised his sitter for demanding a likeness. He attempted to make his records incontrovertible. They had a tremendous solidity, a fine appearance of truth and, withal, for this he could not control, the charm which pervaded the works moved by another motive.



PORTRAIT DE MADAME LÉOPOLD GRAVIER
(SALON DE 1890), BY HENRI FANTIN-LATOURE

JOHN SLOAN

Dickens and Sloan could have met on a common ground. Both are able to give life to the inanimate as well as the animate. To both the touch of a man's hand, the presence of man's thought, is a romanticizing and vitalizing force. In Sloan this quality is a shade or two less caricatural. His emphasis is more subtle. The condiments of his atmospheric effect, the props, less readily grasped by the critical observer. He appears to be giving us a literal thing, an eye for an eye. As a matter of fact, he is setting a stage for us in which the men and their surroundings live the life, say the things, demanded by a richly individualized atmosphere.



McSORLEY'S BAR, BY JOHN SLOAN

ALPHONSE LEGROS

Legros belonged to that little society of those of which the other members were Whistler and Fantin-Latour. He was the austere note. It is difficult to remember things of his in which the intention was trivial. He could not play with the dainty delicacies that intrigued Whistler and Fantin. His canvas in this collection is admirably representative. One may find in it a temperamental relation to Courbet's love of the forceful statement. Both sought intensities in commonplaces. But where Legros let himself go in dramatic flights, the father of modern realism was quick to feel the restraint of the matter of fact. Legros's people are the marionette of a dramatic moment. This, with him, was usually shorn of ornament. He liked baldness. He had great force.



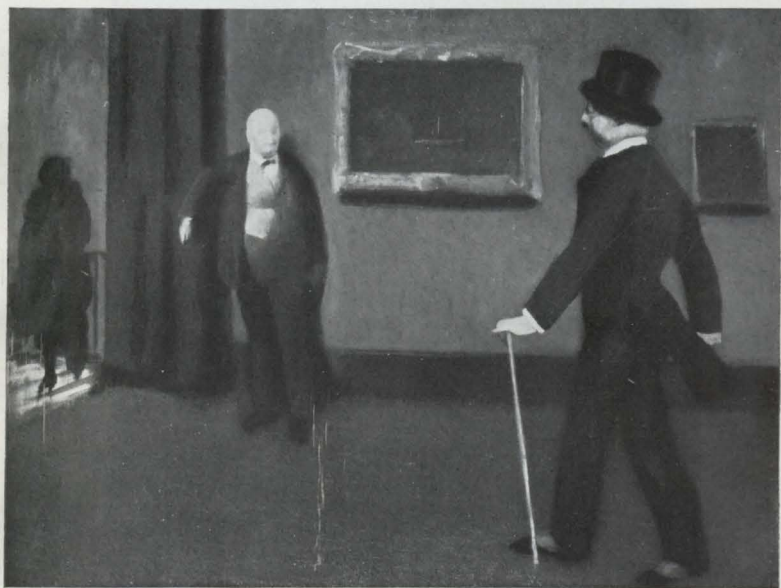
TWO PRIESTS IN A BOAT, BY ALPHONSE LEGROS

GUY PÈNE DU BOIS

Guy Pène du Bois is almost a unique painter in American art. To begin, Mr. du Bois is in spirit a satirist, and satirists are very rare anywhere and almost non-existent in American art and also literature. This he gets naturally through his French blood. But though his outlook is French, it is American French, for Mr. du Bois is of old Creole stock. This satirical spirit of his is expressed entirely in terms of painting and drawing and has only a minor literary basis—when he wishes to express literary ideas and conceptions he turns to writing.

Let us not, in our concern over the spirit of his outlook on life, forget to remember that it is as a painter and draughtsman he primarily interests us, for there are few better painters in American art than Mr. du Bois. His form is sound, his composition very individual, and his color rich and very personal. All his pictures are synthetic.

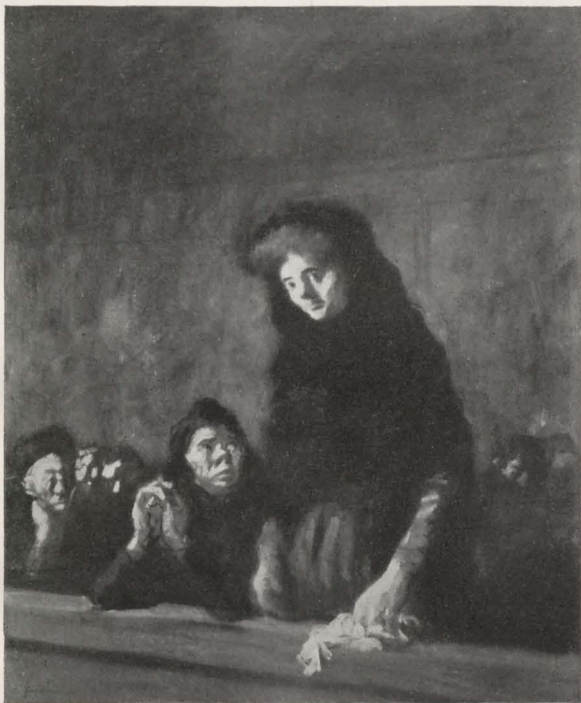
MAHONRI YOUNG.



CHANTICLEER, BY GUY PÈNE DU BOIS

JEAN LOUIS FORAIN

About three quarters of France, in a temperate way, likes the institutional thing. The balance to this volume of liking is made with great force by the fourth quarter. This quarter hates the institutional thing with a tremendously violent hatred. It must. Daumier, Molière, Forain, belong in this minority. They attack. Forain attacks with a precision that will sometimes remind of the rhythm of a machine-gun, and of its heartlessness. Its individuals are the symbols of classes which he is constantly facing one against the other. His line generally suggests impatience, a desire to say things quickly and directly as possible. He is the master of a world full of large classes and tiny people.



A L'AUDIENCE, BY JEAN LOUIS FORAIN

HENRI DE TOULOUSE- LAUTREC

If Daumier presents the larger cynicism of France, Lautrec, in what might be called a provincial sense, presents the more pointed acidity of the Parisian variety. His sophistication was without end. Nothing shocked him. He read into the life of the demi-mondaine with the coolness of a scientist. His records are equally implacable. Nevertheless one feels in them, even when a malicious cackle rises to its highest pitch, something of that dandyism of the men around him, of Barbey d'Aurévilly as an example or of Prosper Mérimée. There was a crispness about his language, a fine choice of words, a force made more pungent by economy, and more cruel by elegance. He will be more liked in America as America grows more sophisticated.



✓ HEAD OF A WOMAN,
BY HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC

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BRONZES

MAHONRI YOUNG

1. *DAY DREAMS*
2. *THE CHISELLER*

The richness of Mahonri Young's sculpture might be attributed to a great many causes. His interests are wide. He confesses to the worship of a number of heroes. He can afford to. He has, at times, taken a subject which was Millet's and then Meunier's and, robbing it of much tearful sentimentality, made it his own. This might have been an art problem to him—he made it a record of lift in which the subject matter as such is of insignificant value. In this find the artist. Without his rhythms, Milton's "Paradise Lost" would be trash. Young begins, as an example, with a man wielding a heavy sledge; he ends expressing himself through the beauty of his combinations of forms.

GASTON LACHAISE

1. *PEACOCKS*
2. *DOLPHINS*
3. *SEAL*
4. *WOMAN*
5. *HEAD (Marble)*

One of the battle cries of the moderns, taken from Oscar Wilde, is, "Art begins where representation ceases." They have tried then to make it begin immediately to give us an unalloyed gold, to give us an art entirely bare of representation. If this is not heretical, then abstractionists have failed for want of definite representative matter on which to bend their energy. There is a lesson for them in the Chinese or in Gaston Lachaise. Lachaise gives you a formularized version of a woman or a peacock which is the result of an extremely assiduous research. And the thing remains not so much of value as a woman or a peacock, but as the carrier of the artist's message to us.

